THE

Gentleman's Journal:

OR THE

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

By Way of

LETTER

TO A

Gentleman in the COUNTRY.

Conſiſting of

News, *Hiſtory*, *Philoſophy*, *Poetry*, *Muſick*, *Tranſlations*, &c.

MAY 1692.

Et Sermone opus eſt; modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo;
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris, atque poetæ. Horat.

Licenſed, *May* 14th, 1692. *R. Midgley.*

LONDON Printed, For *Rich. Parker*; And are to be Sold by *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-lane*. 1692.

Where are alſo to be had Journals for *January*, *February*, *March* and *April*.

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Advertisement.

THE *Ingenious are desired to continue to send what ever may be properly inserted in this* Journal, *either in* Verse *or* Prose, *directing it to the* Publisher, *or at the* Latin Coffee-house, *for the* Author *of the* Gentleman's Journal, *not forgetting to discharge the Postage. An Ingenious Gentleman sent some Verses, which begin thus:*

Had you been known when those of ancient years, *&c.*

And another sent one of Ovid's Epistles. *If they please to let the* Author *know where to write to them, he will acquaint them with his Reasons for not inserting them.*

44 b 4 160

The Gentleman's Journal, or the Monthly Miſcellany.

SIR,

IF my monthly Collections afford you any Satisfaction in your Country Retirement, once more I muſt ſay it; 'tis not to my poor Performances that it is due, but to the conſiderable Supplies which I daily receive.

I ſee that you are reſolv'd to make me the Author of the Pindarick on His Majeſties Succeſſes in my Laſt, becauſe I paſt it over without ſaying any thing of it. Tho' I cannot altogether condemn your Conjecture this Time; yet I do not think it a fit Rule to diſtinguiſh from mine what I ſhall for the Future inſert without laſhing out into a large Commendation of it, and ſhall ſometime leave the Reader to find out the Beauties himſelf; there being no great Neceſſity to affirm that the Sun is bright.

There are already but too many Writers guilty of Profuſeneſs in the Praiſes of other Authors: It is almoſt an Epidemical Vice to ſcatter Incenſe all about us, becauſe it coſts no Money; though many do it at the Expence of their dearer Reputation, rather than expoſe themſelves to the Danger of ſpeaking impartially of other mens Works, or ſaying nothing of them. Yet it is certainly more commendable, to keep our ſelves in the Poſſeſſion of an honeſt Freedom. Thoſe Praiſes which Authors ſo frequently do, as it were, ſell to one another, are much againſt the Advancement of Learning Not that I would altogether debar the truly deſerving from a reciprocal Acknowledgment of their Merit; but we no longer commend a Perſon, when we are guilty of praiſing all Men; neither ought any one now-a days ſuffer himſelf to be in the leaſt affected at the higheſt *Encomium*, ſince Commendation is become a kind of Civil *Jargon*, and in reality onely mere words of Courſe; and that the greateſt Flatterers are generally poſſeſt with the meaneſt Spirit, and the worſt Judgment.

The 30th of *April*, being Her Majeſties Birth-day, was obſerv'd with all the uſual Solemnity. I deſign'd to have ſent you an Attempt of mine in Verſe, on that noble Subject: But having happily obtain'd a Copy of thoſe writ by Sir *Charles Sidley*, it would have been an unpardonable Crime, to have joyn'd my weak Eſſay, to a Piece by ſo great a Maſter.

An Anniverſary Ode ſung before Her Majeſty the 29*th.* of *April*: the Words by Sir *Charles Sidley*: Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

LOve's Goddeſs ſure was blind this Day
Thus to adorn her greateſt Foe,
And Love's Artillery betray,
To one that would her Realm o'er-throw.

Thoſe Eyes that form that lofty Meen,
Who could for Virtues Camp deſign?
Defenſive Arms ſhould there be ſeen;
No ſharp, no pointed Weapons ſhine.

Sweetneſs of Nature, and true Wit,
High Power, with equal Goodneſs joyn'd!
In this fair Paradiſe are met
The Joy and Wonder of Mankind.

Long may ſhe Reign over this Iſle,
Lov'd and Ador'd in Foreign Parts;
But gentle Pallas *ſhield the while*
From her bright Charms our ſingle Hearts.

May her bleſt Example chace
Vice in troops out of the Land,
Flying from her awfull Face,
Like pale Ghoſts when Day's at hand.

May her Hero bring home Peace
Won with Honour in the Field,
And all home-bred Factions ceaſe;
He our Sword, and ſhe our Shield.

Many ſuch Days may ſhe behold,
Like the glad Sun without decay:
May Time, that tears where he lays hold,
Only ſalute her in his way.

Late, late may ſhe to Heav'n return,
And Quires of Angels there rejoyce
As much, as we below ſhall mourn
Our ſhort, but their Eternal choice.

The falſe Friend, or the fatherleſs Couple.

Jenny was certainly as pretty a good natur'd Titt, as any about this Town, and ſupported the *Almoſt intolerable Weight* of a Maiden head for above three Years, with *incredible* Patience and Fortitude of Mind; being very *near*, if not *quite* fifteen. Though 'tis to be confeſs'd that her diſcreet Mother, who knew her Daughter's Inclinations by her own, did not a little contribute to the Preſervation of that precious Jewel, by her daily Lectures, and the unwearyd Vigilance, and ſtrict Guard ſhe kept over her for the laſt three or four Years. This pious Care of her Mother's, *Jenny* (it ſeems) began to miſtake at laſt, for the greateſt of Severities; and look'd upon this her Reſtraint from Infamy, or at leaſt from a Power of Ruining her ſelf by an over-haſty Match, as the greateſt and moſt inſupportable ſlavery imaginable. So that being arm'd and encourag'd by the Knowledge of her own Strength, that is, of a pretty indifferent Fortune which her Father had left her, to be pay'd immediately upon her Marriage; ſhe reſolv'd to receive the firſt Addreſſes of any young Lover, eſpecially, if he appear'd any way gentile: and you may aſſure your ſelf, ſhe wanted not the proffer of many a fair Service from ſeveral of the neighbouring Sparks.

Amongſt the reſt, not long ſince, *Franc. Jeſſamin*, who (they ſay) was very *intimate* with the Maid ſervant, meeting her coming one Evening from Prayers with pretty Miſs *Jenny*, took the liberty to claim acquaintance with her; and had by that, the opportunity of ſeeing, and of being ſeen by the ſoft Amorous Creature; who at firſt ſight fell over Head and Ears in Love with him. For, to ſay truth, he is really a very clever Fellow, and a pretty Lad to look on; and were but his in-ſide anſwerable to his out-ſide; he would have been a dangerous Spark for any young Buxom ſhe Chriſtian to have encountred with; however he was not inſenſible that *Jenny* was a pretty Creature, and might have a good Portion, the onely two Things, *he thought*, that he wanted in this World. This good Opinion of her fair Fortune, made him deſire his formerly familiar Friend, to let him ſee her about half an Hour thence at a neighbouring Ale-drapers, which after ſhe had diſpoſed of her Charge ſhe perform'd.

'Twas there he learn'd what Money *Jenny*'s Father had left her, and how eager ſhe was for a Husband: And 'twas there this precious Minx agreed to betray this young Innocent to *Franc. Jeſſamin*

for fifty Pounds: In order to which he writ *Jenny* as paſſionate a Billet-doux as his Genius cou'd dictate to him; which his old Friend that Night deliver'd to her; an Anſwer to which ſhe brought him the next Morning:- which was as kind and coming as his Heart cou'd wiſh: Nay more than any reaſonable Man cou'd expect from the *Firſt* Addreſs. For, in the kind Paper ſhe made him an Aſſignation of meeting him on the morrow Morning, between five and ſix, at a neighbouring Church; whither ſhe wou'd pretend to her Mother, that ſhe was then going to Prayers with her uſual Attendant. And therefore deſir'd him to provide a Ring; for her Mother kept all her Rings and other things of Value, under Lock and Key.

Franc. was raviſh'd with this good Succeſs, and had they been in a Place convenient, wou'd certainly have raviſh'd the Wench; I mean, if ſhe *wou'd* have been raviſh'd.——But *kiſs* her he did moſt *Abominably and without all ſhame, ev'n before her own Face.*

His Joy, in ſhort, was too mighty for his Breaſt alone; wherefore he poſted immediately to his Boſom-friend *Shamly*; with whom he found a moſt beautifull young Creature, drinking Chocolet in his Bed-chamber. After he had paid his Reſpects to the Lady, he call'd *Shamly* aſide and gave him to underſtand, that he was likely to be one of the happieſt Lads in Town by to Morrow that time; making him a large Repetition of every particular Circumſtance between Himſelf and Miſs *Jenny*; deſiring him withal to meet 'em about 7 next Morning at *Knights-Bridge*, which *Shamly* promis'd he wou'd. *Franc.* then ask'd him, who that beautifull Creature was: *Shamly* told him 'twas his Siſter by his Mother's ſide, whom he had heard him ſpeak ſo much of. What (cry'd *Franc.*) ſhe that has 3000 *l.* to her Portion? The ſame (reply'd *Shamly*) Ah! (return'd t'other) that I had as much a Year for her ſake! I'd quit all the *Jennys* in Chriſtendom for her. They then began a Diſcourſe in common; after which *Jeſſamin* took his leave; but with a Heart ſo intirely taken up with the Thoughts of *Shamly*'s Siſter, that there was not the leaſt Corner left for the Entertainment of poor Miſs *Jenny*; at leaſt for the Space of two or three Hours. This was hard, you'll ſay, when (alas poor thing!) ſhe was every moment talking of him. Ah! (cry'd ſhe to her Attendant, then her Confident) what a delicate, ſparkling, full, black Eye has Mr. *Jeſſamin*! What a pretty dimple in his Chin; and what Cherry-red Lips. Ah! Sweet Mr. *Jeſſamin*, wou'd I had thee in my Boſom. Thou art ſurely the ſweeteſt Flower in the World; *a Gilliflower*, *a Violet*, nay, or *a Roſe* is a mere *Piſs a-bed* to Thee! Then ſhe wou'd fall a commending his Wit; which (truly) was proportionable to her capacity of Underſtanding:

derſtanding: And ſhe alone was fit to ſpeak its due Praiſe.--Not, but that, had it been the rankeſt Weed in the Field, inſtead of the fineſt Flower of the Garden; ſhe wou'd have hugg'd it cloſe to her little Bubbies; for married by all means ſhe would be, and any young Fellow whatever, had he appear'd any way like a Spark, or Modiſh, would have ſerv'd turn full as well.

The Day ſhe wiſh'd arriv'd at laſt: And they met at the Time and Place appointed; whence they ſet forward to the Enchanting-Caſtle, where the Man in black makes but one of two in leſs than half an Hour; and yet he lives. Aſſoon as they came there, they ſent for the Parſon; and, about half an Hour after, word was brought 'em, that he ſtay'd for 'em in the Church; there according to Cuſtom (it ſeems) he asked 'em if they would have each other, to which each of 'em anſwer'd, I will: Then (quoth Mr. Parſon again by way of queſtion) *Who gives this Woman to this Man?* O, my word (let me tell ye) that was a little *unſeaſonably* ſtarted: I muſt not ſay *improperly*, becauſe it is in his *part*: And he knows his Cue. But, *unſeaſonably* I may ſay, ſince there was no body there to give her but the Wench that betray'd her; and ſhe (I'll warrant) would have given her to the *Devil*, for half the Money ſhe expected from *Jeſſamin*. How! (cry'd the Man in black) have you got never a Father? No, Sir (reply'd *Franc.*) my Father and Mother both dyed long ſince; and ſhe has only a *Mother* living now. Has ſhe ſo Sir (ſaid *Domine.*) Then pray go home and deſire her to get a Father for you. Why, (return'd honeſt *Franc.*) would you have the Old Gentlwoman provide her ſelf a Husband, *to Day*, on purpoſe to give her Daughter to me? No, no (reply'd t'other.) But I believe ſhe'll find *another* Husband for her Daughter, that ſhall provide himſelf of a Father before he goes to Church with her. And ſo good morrow to you.

Miſs *Jenny* was heavily concern'd at this unlucky Diſappointment, and you may believe *Franc.* was no leſs: But as they were walking penſively along from the Church towards the Tavern again; whom ſhould they meet but *Shamly* and his Siſter? At ſight of him, *Fr.* took heart of Grace, for he was a ſharp Youth (as they call 'em.) Into the Houſe they went then; where he told *Shamly* privately, how ſtrangely he was ſhipwrack'd in the very *Port*. But *now* (ſaid he) you may retrive all, and do her the Office of a Father. *Shamly* knew that this was ſpecious enough: But he had a contrary Deſign. He told him that his Siſter there was ſo much in love with him, that if he did not marry her, he would break her heart. Ah! (return'd *Franc.*) wou'd I durſt believe you! Am I thy Friend or no, (ask'd t'other?) I do believe, nay, I'm ſure thou art, (return'd *Jeſſamin.*) So ſure I tell thee Truth, then (reply'd *Shamly*,)

and

and if thou wilt marry her, ſay ſo. Withall my heart (reply'd *Franc.*) ſooner than a Queen. But, how ſhall I come off with that poor fond Titt there? O (ſaid *Shamly*) leave that to me: I was only afraid that I had come too late, when I met you coming from the Church. With that he left him to go to his Siſter; whom after ſome few private Inſtructions he led to *Franc.* who took her into the next room, while he made his Court to Miſs *Jenny*. Among the reſt of the Thouſand lyes, he told her, that his Friend *Jeſſamin*, was already contracted to his Siſter, whom he had forſaken for her, becauſe his Siſter had but little or no Fortune. But my Siſter, by mere good Fortune, coming to Town but yeſterday (ſaid he) overheard him tell me his deſign of marrying another to day; which made her *Reſolve* to come along with me this Morning, let the Conſequence be never ſo bad. O Lawd! O Lawd, (cry'd Miſs *Jenny*, ſhedding an abundance of Tears) I'm undone for ever, what ſhall I do? I dare not go home to my Mother. She'll knock my Brains out for ſtaying ſo long: No, Madam (reply'd *Shamly*) but ſhe ſha'n't; if you'll make uſe of my Advice. O! ay Sir (ſobbed the poor ſilly Soul) with all my heart. What is it pray? why Madam (return'd he, beholding her very amorouſly and in a ſweet winning Tone) if you can like my Perſon, and think me worthy the Honour of being your husband, I'll marry you within theſe two hours: And then let me ſee who *dare* injure you? I do aſſure you, Madam, (added he) my Eſtate is as good as Mr. *Jeſſamin's*. With very little difficulty ſhe conſented, rather than go home to her Mother. He then took her hand and kiſſed it; and went afterwards to call his Siſter and his Friend to go along with 'em. Whilſt he was gone, ſaid *Jenny* to her Attendant; O dear *Judith*! This is a great deal finer Man than Mr. *Jeſſamin*. Ay, but (return'd *Judy*) I muſt have a word with this fine Man, before he marries you. The laſt word was ſcarce out of her Mouth, e'er ſhe met him coming into the room to 'em: ſhe took him aſide, and told him that ſhe expected the ſame Reward from him, that Mr. *Jeſſamin* had promiſed her. What's that Child, (ſaid he?) Fifty Pounds (ſhe anſwer'd.) With all my heart, with all my heart indeed (return'd he), meaning ſhe ſhould *expect* it.) On then they trudg'd to another privileg'd Place of Execution, where *Jeſſamin* firſt was Father to *Jenny*: And then croſſing the Fields, they came to another not above two Miles diſtant, where *Shamly* gave his Siſter to *Jeſſamin*. After which they haſted to Town, and dined very plentifully together: At Night they all lay at *Shamly's*: who the next Day, went to *Jenny's* Mother, and demanded his Wife's Portion. The old Gentlewoman was ſomething ſurprized you may believe, and would not refund at preſent,

preſent, but in leſs than a Month, 'twas all paid in to him: when *Judy* demanded her 50 *l.* Look thee, Child, (ſaid he) there's a Guinney for thee, one and twenty and ſix pence more than I owe thee: And, becauſe thou haſt loſt thy ſervice, thou ſhalt ſtay with thy young Miſtriſs. and have the ſame Wages as formerly. But poor *Jeſſamin* was in the worſt Circumſtances of all the Five: For, *Shamly* had foiſted his Miſtriſs upon him, who had liv'd with him for about a quarter of a year: And when *Jeſſamin* talked to her about a Portion of 3000 *l.* ſhe ſeem'd amazed; and told him, truly, Mr. *Shamly* had her Portion in his hands, which was juſt 100 *l.* no more, nor leſs. Mr. *Shamly* (cry'd he,) why, my Dear, you might have ſaid my Brother *Shamly*, ſure. No indeed, my Dear, (return'd ſhe) I might not; for, he is no Brother of mine, nor any Kin to me, and I could wiſh I ne'er had ſeen him, had it not been for thy ſake. His Siſter that you talk of (purſu'd ſhe) has been married this half year; and I ſuppoſe her Portion is not to be pay'd now. *Franc.* was a little diſquieted at theſe ill News; but he lov'd his Wife intirely (*poor Soul!*) which made him bear it with the greater Patience: When he conſider'd too, that he had about 200 *l.* of his own, which with his Wife's hundred Pounds, would ſet up a Millener well enough, to which Trade he had ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip, and was juſt out of his Time.

Though the following Ode is extremely beautifull, I have not been able to perſwade the ingenious Gentleman who wrote it, to let the World know to whom it owes ſo fine an Imitation.

The tenth Ode of the Second Book of *Horace* imitated.

Rectius vives Licini-----

1.

IF you through Life's uncertain Tyde
Your ſelf, dear Friend, would ſafely guide,
Do not the boundleſs Main explore,
Where Boreas *rages unconfin'd,*
Nor to get underneath the wind,
Venture the Rocks too near the Shore.

2.

The Man ſtands equally exempt,
From dangerous Envy and Contempt,

Who

Who loves the middle golden State,
He neither ſordidly does lie
In duſt, nor ſtands exalted nigh
Some ghaſtly Precipice of Fate.

3.

Tempeſts the lofty Cedar rend,
And on the ground its Trunk extend,
Whilſt ſafe the humbler Plants are found,
The Tow'r which inſolently ſhrowds,
Its ſtately head amongſt the Clouds
Its fall doth into Atoms pound.

4.

At heads of Gyant Hills which riſe
With horrid Brows t'affront the Skies,
Jove *the impetuous Thunder whirls:*
The Hillocks it flies grumbling o'er,
But raving mad with hideous roar
Confuſion on the Alps *it hurls.*

5.

He hopes, when Fortune proves adverſe,
He, when ſhe's kind, fears a reverſe,
Whom ſacred Wiſdom doth direct.
Since Jove *ſo oft makes Tempeſts riſe,*
Whoſe Fury ſhakes his native Skies,
Can man a ſetled State expect?

6.

But if the Gods prove angry now,
They'll one Day with unclouded Brow
Dart joys into thy Soul again.
Thoſe Gods as wretched were as we,
If they ſhould always angry be,
And always hear their Slaves complain.

7.

By bearing bravely the worſt State,
Shew thou deſerv'ſt a better Fate:
But if the Wind comes fair about;
Why then ſuſpect the flatt'ring Gale:
When it ſeems merrieſt, reef your Sail,
And for the Sands look ſharply out.

Tho ſeveral Ingenious Perſons have from time to time drawn their Pens to vindicate the Ladies from that Ignoble Servitude which the ungenerous part of Mankind would ſubject them to, I hope that the following Diſcourſe may not be improperly placed here, ſince it endeavors to prove their Equality by ſuch Arguments as have not been offered yet.

The Equality of both Sexes aſſerted.

THis Queſtion appears to moſt Men nothing but an Ingenious Amuſement, and a meer piece of Gallantry. It ſeems as if it could not be handled without laviſhing all the Rhetorical Stores, and ſaying in favor of the Fair, all the refined and flattering things which the mind is able to imagin. Their Charms, which have even made the Gods ſtoop to their power, and raiſe them a Throne in every heart, are ſeldom forgot by thoſe who would prove them equal to Men; and they as often take care to ſhew us how much more glorious their Empire is, than that of Men, which ows its eſtabliſhment to nothing but Force, and the authority of Laws made by themſelves to their own advantages. All this is doubtleſs very glittering and pretty; but as it wants Solidity in the main, it is better, in my opinion, to proceed a little more ſeriouſly.

One of the blindeſt of Prejudices is, that which makes Men prefer themſelves to Women: Should a Woman pretend to preach, or command an Army, it would be a piece of Extravagance with relation to our Manners; yet if we rightly examin the thing, we will find that this only proceeds from Cuſtom, which we perſuade our ſelves to be very well grounded, becauſe it hath always been the ſame, and that Men are in actual poſſeſſion. As for Women, they ſtick to the Lot which hath been preſcribed to them, and confine themſelves to their private condition, ſuppoſing it their natural ſtate; ſo that things being ſetled in that manner, by the mutual conſent of both Parties, this Order ſeems to us rather eſtabliſhed by Nature, and an univerſal Conſent, than by the Uſurpation of Men.

I need not relate here the methods which Men uſed in the Infancy of the World to invade the Superiority, that has been done by ſeveral Authors; I will only ſay, that Liberty being ne're to be alienated, they may juſtly claim their Rights, notwithſtanding Man's long poſſeſſion.

Nature, by the equal diſpoſal of her Favors between both Sexes, ſeems to have deſigned an Equality; and hath made large amends to that weak Sex, by ſuch advantages as juſtly compenſate their want

of ſtrength. Beſides, to ſpeak like a Philoſopher, it cannot be ſaid that Women are not capable of the moſt difficult Arts and Sciences. If there is any difference between our Organs and *Fibres*, and theirs, it is altogether to their advantage; for theirs being more thin and flexible than ours, it follows, that according to the Laws of the union between the Soul and Body, they ought to have a more lively, delicate, and penetrating Imagination. Thence proceeds that natural Eloquence which ſhines in their expreſſions, and is ſo uncommon amongſt Men, who by the ſtructure of their Organs and *Fibres*, leſs fine and flexible, have leſs delicacy and vivacity. Thence comes, that there is ſomething more free, eaſy and polite, in the converſation of Women; they ſoften the too great roughneſs incident to the minds of Men, and the moroſeneſs and pedantry of the Schools. Thus their excluſion from Offices, cannot be grounded on their Incapacity; neither is their Temper inconſiſtent with all neceſſary application.

Is it not then an unjuſt and tyranical Invaſion, to have reduced them to the low and narrow Sphere of domeſtic management? And are not Men obliged to reſtitution, by ſharing with them all the honours of Society, which they wholly engroſs? And what a great oppreſſion is it not to rail at them, exclaim againſt them, and condemn them, as guilty of a mighty Crime, when indirectly to reaſſume the opportunities of appearing great, of which they have been unjuſtly deprived, they dreſs and adorn themſelves, to improve and raiſe the only advantages which have been left to them, to be Miſtreſſes of ſome power. It is true, that in our Northern Climes, the preſſures which they lie under are but ſmall, if compared to thoſe of the Eaſt, *Italy* and *Spain*; yet we muſt own that the Scale wants yet much of being equally pois'd.

To comfort themſelves, let them conſider, that in ſome ſenſe Men may be ſaid to be inferior to their Sex. They are doomed to Till and Cultivate the Earth, and to the meaneſt and moſt laborious Employments. They expoſe themſelves to the Fatigues and Dangers of Voyages and Wars; all the labour of Body, and anxiety of Mind lies on their ſide, whilſt Women peaceably enjoy the ſweets of eaſe and tranquility. Thus they purchaſe dear enough their imaginary Empire, and their boaſted Superiority coſts them a world of toyls, much heavier to be born with, than the Submiſſion of the Female Sex. And, after all, what have thoſe Talents which Men value themſeves ſo much upon, produced? unleſs it be *Chymera's*, Diviſions, Errors and Diſputes, the Reſults of which ſerve only to darken and confound Truth. They are all the fruit of their mighty Sciences

and

and Studies. Arts were only invented to provoke Pride and Vanity, and more to ſpoil the ſimplicity of Nature, and multiply our Wants and Uneaſineſſes, than for the Eaſe or Happineſs of Mankind. War, which intitles to the higheſt merit amongſt Men, is an Art which makes them murther one another; and from that barbarous Trade have ſprung infinite miſchiefs which have over-run the World, ſwept away whole Nations, and dealt the World into Factions, that make it their whole buſineſs to undermine and ſwallow one another. Savage Beaſts are not more mortally bent againſt their different kinds; each Sect, each State, ſeeks to pull down or ſink its Competitor. In this lies their utmoſt glory and management. The weakneſs of Women hath not uſhered in ſuch a flood of miſchiefs, as theſe fatal Virtues of Men.

The following Verſes to a Gentleman who was married very young, are by Mr. *N. Tate.* I doubt not but you will think them altogether worthy of their Author.

WHat Youth too early can Obedience yield,
When Love and Beauty call him to the Field?
When Nature too her ready Succor lends,
On which the am'rous War's Succeſs depends.
Love's Seaſons ſhould from formal Rules be freed,
And Appetite preſcribe the Time to feed.
No prudent Nymph will early Love deſpiſe;
The Day ſhines longeſt that do's ſooneſt riſe.
Our weaker Paſſions, like Amphytrion's *Heir,*
Muſt owe their Strength to Time and nurſing Care;
Jove's *Offſpring, Love do's thoſe ſlow methods ſcorn,*
And ſhews a Hercules *as ſoon as born.*
The Youth that's wiſe will ſeize while in the Neſt,
His Miſtreſs Heart, and cage it in his Breſt.
The Bird once flown with Toil he muſt perſue,
'Tis caught with pains, and then proves ſullen too.
Love, like Religion, moſt inſpires the Breſt,
That earlieſt entertains the ſacred Gueſt.
Without Reſerve, fair Bride, thy Charms impart,
Fly, meet thy young advancing Lover's Heart.
Devour his Kiſſes, for 'tis Sin to ſpare
The Manna that in gath'ring will repair.

As Southern Breezes nurſe a forward Year,
Each Kiſs of thine the blooming Youth ſhall cheer.

Love's Gales can do the gen'rous Plant no wrong,
He's forward, but of Conſtitution ſtrong;
He bloſſoms early, but he'll flouriſh long:
And when late Time on his ag'd Top ſhall ſnow,
Thy Love ſhall then to Veneration grow;
With thankful Chearfulneſs you'll ſit and ſing
His Winter o'er, becauſe you had his Spring.

The following Verſes were given me, together with the following Letter and Speech, and cannot fail of giving you a great deal of ſatisfaction. For tho' the Gentleman who hath Tranſlated Monſieur *Boileau*'s Speech, juſtly accuſes him of Flattery; yet he hath done him ſo much Juſtice in the Tranſlation, that had the *French* Man been as great a Maſter of our Tongue as he is of his own, he could not have made it look better in an *Engliſh* dreſs.

Wiſh for the KING's Safety in this Summers Expedition.

YE Pow'rs who watch o're ſublunary Things,
Ye guardian Pow'rs of Empires and of Kings,
Angels and Genii *of Empyreal kind,*
Who Chriſtendom *ſo near deſtruction find,*
Each trembling for the Crown to his high charge aſſign'd;
Now leave your Poſts, to WILLIAM *all repair,*
Him guard alone, guard Him with all your Care.
Whilſt He by your Protection ſtands ſecure,
His Conduct and His Brav'ry will the Chriſtian World enſure.

SIR,

I Have here ſent you encloſed, what I promis'd you by the laſt Poſt; and I think my ſelf oblig'd to give you ſome Account of it. In the late Appendix *to the* New Obſervator, *I find the Author juſtly complaining, of the Corruption of Hiſtory by the* French; *and giving a very reaſonable gueſs, how falſe the Hiſtory of this Age (as far as it is writ by them) is like to come out in the next. And particularly, what Monſieur* Peliſſon's *Hiſtory of the preſent* French *King is like to be, which he is now writing by that King's own Order. Monſieur* Boileau, *who writ the enclos'd, has at leaſt as large a ſhare in that Hiſtory, as Monſieur* Peliſſon. *And therefore you have in the following Speech (in the which he has very artfully inſerted a* Panegyric *of his Prince) a pattern of what his part of the Hiſtory will be. For having flatter'd his Maſter in this ſmall* Panegyric, *we have all the reaſon in the world, to believe that he will flatter him too in his Hiſtory. And that he has flatter'd him here you will plainly find, not only by exaggerations, which are in ſome meaſure to be allowed to an Orator, but in affirming things that are directly contrary to the Truth, ſuch are thoſe two remarkable paſſages of*

Lewis

Lewis XIV. *offering Peace to the laſt Confederacy, for the general good of* Chriſtendom (*which not ſo much as a* French *Man, who has common ſenſe, believes*;) *and of his bombarding* Genoa, *only to be reveng'd of its Inſolence, and of its Perfidiouſneſs, which every Man who has heard the ſtory of Monſieur* Valdryon *muſt laugh at. Now ſince it is to be preſum'd, that Monſieur* Boileau *will flatter him in his Hiſtory, becauſe it is plain that he has done it in this ſmall Harangue; in the which there was no neceſſity of ſo much as making any mention of him, what are we to expect from Monſieur* Peliſſon, *whoſe ſincerity is by no means ſo much talk'd of as the others? I thought to have concluded here, but it comes into my mind to make two Reflections upon the* Panegyrical Part *of the enclos'd. The firſt is this, That ſince Monſieur* Boileau, *who is in the main a Man of Sincerity, and a Lover of Truth, could not but flatter* Lewis XIV. *when he commended him; we may conclude, that it is impoſſible to give him a general Commendation without Flattery. For where a Satyric Poet paints, what other Man muſt not daub? The ſecond Reflection is this, That ſince this* Panegyric *is ſcarce to be ſupported, notwithſtanding the moſt admirable* genius *of the Author, which ſhines throughout it, and an Art to which nothing can be added, (remember that I ſpeak of the Original) and beyond which nothing can be deſir'd, you may eaſily conclude how extremely fulſom the reſt of the* Panegyrics *upon* Lewis XIV. *muſt be, whoſe Authors fall infinitely ſhort of* Boileau's *either* Genius, *or Art, or Virtue.*

The Speech of Monſieur *BOILEAU*, upon his Admiſſion into the *French* Academy.

Gentlemen,

THE Honour this day conferr'd upon me, is ſomething ſo great, ſo extraordinary, ſo little expected; and ſo many ſeveral ſorts of Reaſons ought to have for ever excluded me from it, that at this very moment, in which I return my acknowledgments, I am doubtful if I ought to believe it. Is it then poſſible, can it be true Gentlemen, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this Illuſtrious Society, whoſe famous Eſtabliſhment does no leſs Honour to the memory of Cardinal Richlieu, *than all the reſt of the numerous Wonders of his matchleſs Miniſtry? And what muſt be the Thoughts of that great Man? What muſt be the Thoughts of that* * *wiſe Chancellor, who after him enjoy'd the dignity of your Protectorſhip, and after whom it was your Opinion, that none but your King had Right to be your Protector? What muſt be their Thoughts, Gentlemen, if they ſhould behold me this day, becoming a part of this glorious Body, the Object of their Eternal Care and Eſteem, and into which by the Laws which they have eſtabliſh'd, by the Maxims which they have maintain'd, no Man ought to be receiv'd who is not of a ſpotleſs Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you?*

* Seguier.

But

But further, Whom do I ſucceed, in the place which you are pleas'd to afford me here? Is it not a * *Man who is equally renown'd, for his great Employments, and his profound Capacity? Is it not a Magiſtrate who fill'd one of the foremoſt Seats in the Council, and who in ſo many important Occaſions, has been honour'd by his Prince with his ſtricteſt Confidence? A Magiſtrate no leſs wiſe than experienc'd, watchful, laborious, and with whom the more I compare my ſelf, the leſs proportion I find.*

*Monſieur de Bezon, Miniſter of State.

I know very well, Gentlemen, (And who can be ignorant of it?) that in the Choice which you make of Men who are fit to ſupply the Vacancies of your Learned Aſſembly, you have no regard either to place, or to dignity; that Politeneſs, Learning, and an acquaintance with all the more gentle Arts, have always uſher'd in naked Merit to you; and that you do not believe it a thing unworthy of you, to ſubſtitute in the room of the higheſt Magiſtrate, of the moſt exalted Miniſter, ſome famous Poet, or ſome Writer, whom his Works have render'd Illuſtrious; and who has very often no other Dignity, than that which his Deſert has given him upon Parnaſſus. *But if you barely conſider me as a Man of Learning, what can I offer you, that may be worthy of the Favour with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Is it a wretched Collection of Poetry, ſucceſsful rather by a happy Temerity, and a dexterous Imitation of the Ancients, than by the beauty of its Thoughts, or the richneſs of its Expreſſions? Is it a Tranſlation which falls ſo far ſhort of the great Maſter-pieces, with which you every day ſupply us; and in the which you ſo glorioufly revive* Thucydides, Xenophon, Tacitus, *and all the reſt of the renown'd Heroes of the moſt learn'd Antiquity? No, Gentlemen, you are too well acquainted with the juſt value of things, to recompence at a rate ſo high, ſuch low Productions as mine, and to offer me voluntarily upon ſo ſlight a Foundation, an Honour which the knowledg of my want of Merit has diſcourag'd me ſtill from demanding.*

What can be the Motive then, which in my behalf has ſo happily influenc'd you upon this Occaſion? I begin to make ſome diſcovery of it, and I will preſume to engage, that I ſhall not make you bluſh in expoſing it. The goodneſs which the greateſt Prince in the world, has ſhewn in employing me, together with one of the firſt of your Illuſtrious Writers, to make one Collection of the infinite number of his immortal Actions, the permiſſion which he has given me to do this, has ſupply'd all my Defects with you. Yes, Gentlemen, whatever juſt Reaſons ought to have excluded me for ever from your* Academy, *you believ'd that you could not with juſtice ſuffer, that a Man who is deſtin'd to ſpeak of ſuch mighty things, ſhould be depriv'd of the utility of your Leſſons, or inſtructed in any other School than in yours. And by this you have clearly ſhewn, that when it is to ſerve your Auguſt Protector, your Zeal will not ſuffer you to caſt your Eyes upon any thing but the Intereſt of your Maſter's Glory.*

*Monſieur Peliſſon.

Yet

Yet ſuffer me, Gentlemen, to undeceive you, if you believe that this great Prince, at the time that he granted that Favour to me, believ'd that he ſhould meet with in me, a Writer who was able to ſuſtain in the leaſt, by the beauty of ſtyle, or by the magnificent pomp of Expreſſion, the grandeur of his Exploits. No, Gentlemen, it belongs to you, and to Pens like yours, to ſhew the World ſuch Maſter-pieces, and he never conceiv'd ſo advantageous a thought of me. But as every thing that he has done in his Reign is wonderful, is prodigious, he did not think it would be amiſs, that in the midſt of ſo many renown'd Writers, who with Emulation deſcribe his Actions in all their ſplendor, and with all the ornaments of the ſublimeſt Eloquence; a Man without Artifice, and accus'd rather of too much Sincerity than of Flattery, ſhould contribute by his labour, and by his advice, to expoſe to view in a proper light, and in all the ſimplicity of the moſt natural ſtyle, the truth of thoſe Actions, which being of themſelves ſo little probable, have rather need to be faithfully related, than to be ſtrongly exaggerated.

And indeed, Gentlemen, when Poets and Orators, and Hiſtorians, who are ſometimes as daring as Poets or Orators, ſhall come to diſplay upon ſo happy a Subject, all the bold ſtrokes of their Art, all their force of Expreſſion: when they ſhall ſay of Lewis the Great, *more juſtly than was ſaid of a famous Captain of old, That he alone has atchiev'd more Exploits, than other Princes have read; That he alone has taken more Towns, than other Monarchs have wiſh'd to take: when they ſhall aſſure us that there is no Potentate upon the face of the Earth, no, not the moſt Ambitious, who in the ſecret Prayers that he puts up to Heaven, dares preſume to petition for ſo much Glory, for ſo much Proſperity, as Heaven has freely granted this Prince: when they ſhall write, that his Conduct is Miſtreſs of Events, that Fortune dares not contradict his Deſigns: when they ſhall paint him at the head of his Armies, marching with Gigantic Strides, over great Rivers and higheſt Mountains, thundring down Ramparts, rending hard Rocks, and tearing into ten thouſand pieces every thing that reſiſts his impetuous ſhock; theſe expreſſions will doubtleſs appear great, rich, noble, adapted to the lofty Subject: But at the ſame time that the World ſhall wonder at them, it will not think it ſelf oblig'd to believe them; and the Truth may be eaſily diſown'd or miſtaken, under the diſguiſe of its pompous Ornaments.*

But when Writers without Artifice, and who are contented faithfully to relate things, and with all the ſimplicity of Witneſſes who depoſe, rather than of Hiſtorians who make a Narration, ſhall rightly ſet forth all that has paſs'd in France, *ever ſince the famous Peace of the* Pyreneés, *all that the King has done in his Dominions to re-eſtabliſh Order, Diſcipline, Law: When they ſhall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdom in ſucceeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gain'd of his Enemies,* Holland, Germany, Spain, *all* Europe, *too feeble*

all

all against him alone; a War that has been always fruitful in Prosperity, and a more glorious Peace: When Pens that are sincere, I say, and a great deal more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, shall rightly articulate all these Actions, dispos'd in their order of time, and attended with their real Circumstances; who is it that can then dissent from them, I do not say of our Neighbours, I do not say of our Allies, I say of our mortal Enemies? And tho' they should be unwilling to acknowledg the truth of them, will not their diminish'd Forces, their States confin'd within stricter Bounds, their Complaints, their Jealousies, their Furies, their very Invectives, in spight of themselves, convince them? Can they deny, that in the very Year in which I am speaking, this Prince being resolv'd to constrain them all to accept of a Peace which he had offer'd them for the good of Christendom, *did all at once, and that at a time when they had publish'd, that he was entirely exhausted of Men and of Money; that he did all at once, I say, in the* Low-Countries, *cause to start up, as it were, out of the Ground, two mighty Armies, each of them consisting of Forty thousand Men; and that he provided for their abundant Subsistence there, notwithstanding the scarcity of Forage, and the excessive Drought of the Season? Can they deny, that whilst with one of these Armies, he caus'd his Lieutenants to besiege* Luxemburgh; *himself, with the other, keeping, as it were, block'd all the Towns of* Brabant *and* Hainaut; *that he did by this most admirable Conduct, or rather by a kind of Enchantment, like that of the Head so renown'd in the ancient Fables, whose Aspect transform'd the Beholders to Stones, render the* Spaniards *unmov'd Spectators of the taking of that important place, in the which they had repos'd their utmost Refuge? That by a no less admirable effect of the same prodigious Enchantment, that obstinate Enemy to his Glory, that industrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd so long to stir up all* Europe *against him, found himself, if I may use the expression, disabled and impotent, tyed up on every side, and reduc'd to the wretched vengeance, of dispersing Libels, of sending forth Cryes and Reproaches? Our very Enemies, give me leave to repeat it, can they deny all this? Must not they confess, that at the time when these Wonders were executing in the* Low Countries, *our Fleet upon the Mediterranean, after having forc'd* Algiers *to be a Supliant for Peace, caused* Genoa *to feel, by an Example that will be eternally dreadful, the just Chastisement of its Insolence, and of its Perfidiousness, burying under the Ruins of Palaces and stately Houses, that proud City, more easy to be destroy'd, than be humbled? No, without doubt, our Enemies dare not give the Lye to such known Truths, especially when they shall see them writ with that simple and natural Air, and with that Character of Sincerity and Probability, with which what e're my Defects are, I do not absolutely despair to be able, at least in part, to supply the History.*

But as this very Simplicity, all Enemy as it is to Oſtentation and Pageantry, has yet its Art, its Method, its Beauties; from whence can I better derive that Art, and thoſe Beauties, than from the ſource of all Delicacies, this fam'd Academy, which has kept poſſeſſion for ſo many years of all the Treaſures, of all the Riches of our Tongue? Theſe (Gentlemen) are the things which I am in hopes to find among you; This is what I come to ſtudy with you; This is what I come to learn of you. Happy! if by my Aſſiduity in frequenting you, by my Addreſs in bringing you to ſpeak of theſe matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of all your moſt ſecret Skill from me, your Skill to render Nature decent and chaſte, at the very time when ſhe is moſt alluring; and to make the colours and paint of Art, appear to be the genuine beauties of Nature. Thrice happy! if by my Reſpects, and my ſincere Submiſſions, I can perfectly convince you of the extreme Acknowledgment which I ſhall make all my life-time, for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

I told you in my laſt, that none could then tell when Mr. *Dryden's Cleomenes* would appear; ſince that time, the Innocence and Merit of the Play have rais'd it ſeveral eminent Advocates, who have prevailed to have it Acted, and you need not doubt but it has been with great Applauſe. The following Verſes were written upon that Subject. I do not know the Author of them.

An Epiſtolary Eſſay to Mr. DRYDEN *upon his* CLEOMENES.

LONG you preſided o're a knowing Age:
By the Town courted, Courted by the Stage.
What e're you wrote, your Stamp Authentic made:
Wit then was ſomething more than a meer Trade;
But the corrupted humor of the Age
Has broke through all the Fences of our Stage.
Yet you in pity to that Stage appear,
And give a freſh Example ev'ry year.
Were your Rules follow'd, we no more ſhould ſee
Damn'd Farce uſurp the place of Comedy,
Nor thoughtleſs Words with a disjointed Tale,
Above an artful Plot and lofty Senſe prevail.
Some few (and 'Faith they are but few) of Wit
At ſome Dull whining Play unmov'd could ſit,
See in the Boxes Tears in ev'ry Eye:
They ſaw good Nature, and they wondred why.
But if ſome well-told Tragedy appear,
They may look round, and not behold one Tear.

Yet CLEOMENES *high Applauſe did find,*
And your great Merit made 'em juſtly kind.
Who but your ſelf could write Caſſandra's *Part,*
Diſcloſe her Love with the whole Female Art?
Who but the charming Barry *could diſplay*
Your thoughts, ſo moving and ſo juſt a way?

Wond'ring of late what Poetry did ail,
I've found why monſtrous ſorts of Plays prevail;
And give you my Opinion in a Tale.

A wretched Man, oppreſt with Want and Care,
Was ſentenc'd for intriguing with a Mare.
Brought to the place, the Cuſtom to uphold,
He to the gaping Mob this woful Story told.

'Dear Friends, by my Example have a Care,
'I have been too familiar with a Mare.
'But do not think my Judgment was ſo bad,
'To doat on Mares, when Women might be had;
'(Dying, I ſhould give ev'ry one their due)
'Women are ſomething better of the two.
'To what I've done no brutal Luſt did lead:
''Twas want of Bread provok'd me to the deed.
'For if (thought I) I could a Monſter get,
'I ſhould live eaſy, and be out of Debt.
'You know, unnat'ral Sights you love to view;
'You'd have been pleas'd, and I got Money too.
'Found out, I have the Doom that I deſerve:
'But yet to hang, is better than to ſtarve.

Thus 'tis with Poets, much oppreſt by Need,
When they leave Nature, 'tis to follow Bread.
Not to their Judgment, but their Want, we ow
The many Monſters, they expoſe to ſhow.
For he muſt think moſt ſtrangely of our Age,
Who takes his Judgment of it from the Stage.

Dramatic Poetry indeed aims at a juſt Repreſentation of Nature, and that which deviates leaſt from our common apprehenſions of Nature's force, has the greateſt Beauties, and muſt certainly take beſt with a judicious Auditory. However, Comedy ſeems moſt con-

cern'd

cern'd in a close adherence to that Rule, for a thousand various humors are the proper Subjects of it; nothing ought to appear forc'd there, for humane Follies should not be represented beyond their genuine standard: As for some wild humors, which Farce, that Ape of Comedy, brings on the Stage, and with which some modern Writers have stuff'd their Plays, they can neither benefit Mankind, nor give any solid satisfaction.

The Subject of Tragedy being generally Grave, Majestic, and Melancholic, so, mournful Passions there to be represented, are usually in themselves very extravagant; and it is not uncommon to hear persons in the violent pangs of an intense grief, break out into expressions bold and irregular, and sometimes impious, as the most daring Tragedian e're could reach to. This gives the Poet a vast scope for Fancy to move in, which, when guided by an exact Judgment, produces thoughts equally pleasant, proper, and surprizing. The Judgment shews it self, in reducing its most excentric thoughts to somewhat of a probability. Every one ought to speak such things as may be suitable with his particular Character. And while he keeps within those Bounds, there's nothing can appear so great or wildly sad, but may become the Unfortunate; nothing so tender, but may agree with a fond Parent; or so soft and passionate, but may suit with a faithful Friend: And thus if a Poet take up never so antique a Subject for his *Drama*, with mighty pains and toyl of mind, he may represent Heroes talking like themselves in a way suitable to that Age and Country they belong to, and so, as as may revive the memory of former Ages, even in those persons who are only capable of reading *English* Books; nothing shewing that close alliance between Poets and Painters more graphically, than the different *Peinture* they excel in: The one, in the outward Lineaments of the Face and Body; the other, in the inward Temperament and Passions of the Mind. It's hard to meet with any modern Poets who have been extreamly regular in these things, nor, perhaps, would the most exact of the Ancients bear a severe Criticism.

Among those of later time, none seems to have copied Nature with a finer Pencil than Mr. *Dryden*, whose Judgment seems to have been perfected by Age, which hath cut off that luxuriency of Style and Invention of unriper years, without abatement of his Wit and Vigor. He could not have undertaken a severer Task, than to shew a *Spartan* Hero on the *English* Stage. It had been vain to have attempted the *Laconic* Style; but the Humor, and rigid Virtue, and rough Courtship of *Cleomenes*'s Age, he hath generally expresst

to Admiration. Perhaps his *Cleonidas* may ſeem a Hero of too ſwift a growth, and ſpeaking ſo, as might become his Father better; yet unpoliſh'd Nature ſhews herſelf great and noble in him, with an aſpiring Air, and unbounded thought, tho now and then the Child may be ſeen through all the early Eradiations of a dawning Valor. For thoſe that are offended with that Character, let them but conſider the *Spartan* Education, and the magnanimous ſuffering of the Boy, who choſe rather to have his Intrails gnaw'd out by the Fox, than diſcover that he had ſtolen him; becauſe Theft in *Sparta*, like Adultery in *England*, was approved in the Practice, but deteſted in the Diſcovery. Let them conſider too the patience of thoſe Boys who endur'd the Laſh till they loſt their Lives by it, rather than by an effeminate Groan to ſhew themſelves unworthy of having them preſerved. To do, is more than to ſay; and to ſuffer, than to do: ſince therefore the *Spartan* Boys were capable of ſuffering in ſo heroical a manner, what can we find in *Cleonidas*'s words, that we can think too much.

Cleora's ſoftneſs is temper'd with *Crateſiclea*'s ſedate and hoary Courage; ſo that between her, and the ſparkling Boy, *Cleomenes* himſelf ſeems rais'd to nobler thoughts, and to recover that haughty Valor which angry perſecuting Fate had almoſt cruſh'd into a common deſpondence. It's after a Dialogue with them he pleaſes himſelf with thoughts of former Love, and Victories; for tho *Aratus* was a Man but of a *ſhuffling Courage*, 'twas no ſmall matter for the decrepid *Laconian* to attempt and maſter the well-modell'd, and before almoſt irreſiſtible *Achæan* Fortune, and the honour of recovering *Sparta*'s Reputation by unwonted Victory, was enough to raiſe human Inclination to the nobleſt heat and productive of the moſt heroic Offſpring.

In that Scene wherein the Hero offers to put his dear Pledges into the hands of his yet dearer Friend, Paſſion doubtleſs on ſuch an occaſion might have been wrought up to a greater height; but it muſt have been ſtrain'd too high for the rigid virtue of a *Spartan*. And in the laſt Act, the Friendſhip renew'd after the ſhort interruption of a jealous Fit ſeems extreamly ſurprizing, but with a little tincture of their cynic ſurlineſs, not capable of all the ſoftneſs of a more poliſh'd good nature, nor was any thing more tender tolerable between Friends, ending all their mutual Indearments with the fatal Compliment of Swords thruſt into each others hearts, that Love and Miſery might determin both together.

Some think *Cleora* too ſoft for the Wife of *Cleomenes*, but theſe People miſtake the *Spartan* for the *Meſſenian*. 'Tis certain that our Man-

Manners are in a great meaſure form'd by our Education, and Monſieur *Paſchal* had reaſon to ſay, *That whereas Cuſtom is ſtil'd a ſecond Nature, he doubted whether Nature were any thing but a firſt Cuſtom:* which may ſerve to juſtifie *Caſſandra*'s Part. She has indeed a great deal of Aſſurance, but ſhe is intitled to it in a double capacity, as a Lady of Pleaſure, and an *Egyptian:* So that if Mr. *Dryden* has committed any Fault, by repreſenting her in her true Colours, 'tis only the conſtant Fault of *Euripides*, that is, of one of the greateſt Tragedians that ever was. And as for her coming off with Impunity, which ſome have reckon'd as a Scandal to Poetical Juſtice, let thoſe Judges remember, that 'tis ſomething ſevere to Vote for laſhing that Vice in Publick, which they conſtantly hug in a Corner. On the other ſide, it is nothing ſtrange, that they ſhould damn an Hero's Continency (a hard Caſe, by the way, that a Man ſhould be damn'd for his Virtue) who come to a Play, on purpoſe to *ogle* the orange Wench.

I thought to have gone further, but find my ſelf ſtinted for want of room; beſides, to particularize the Beauties of this Play would be vain, as it would be endleſs. Its height and boldneſs of thought, its ſpirit, force and pomp of Expreſſion, its manly and maſterly Paſſions, and thoſe numberleſs Graces, which being diffus'd throughout it, make up one perfect Beauty, are eaſily comprehended by Men of Wit, and no words of mine can render them diſcernable to thoſe who want it. A Man muſt be ſomething inſpir'd, who is capable of contemplating ſupreme and immaterial Beauties.

NOthing but *Puppets* can be the true ſignification of the *Enigma* in my laſt, thoſe who found it ſubſcribed thus; *Parthenope*, *J. Daniel*, a Gentleman of *St. Edmond's Hall Oxford*, *Salopia*, *E. Turner*, a young Lady at *Cheſter*, *M. B.* Theſe following explain'd it in Verſe, *J. R.* at *Oxford*, Mr. *Henry Wooton*, *Oedipus C.* of *Grays-Inn*, and an *Anonymous Perſon:* Which being the firſt that came to my hands, I am oblig'd to inſert, and am ſorry that I cannot print the reſt. This is by way of Dialogue, and relating a very pleaſant and true Story, muſt needs be entertaining.

Tom. *PEople d'ye ſay that like* Jews *ramble,*
And were produc'd without Love's Gambol,
That higgeldy, piggeldy, lie together,
And yet were ne're lampoon'd for't neither!
Who often laugh, yet ne're are merry,
And whom we ne're baptize or bury!

What

What are theſe Creatures? let me ſee,
Why, ſurely they muſt Devils be.

Frank. *The Dev'l they are! You'r out, my Friend:*
Now to this Story pray attend,
Which, if 'tis well apply'd, will make
You rectifie a groſs Miſtake.
In former days when Breoſhé,
Who was (as every He or She
In Mounſieur-land *did fully know)*
Intendant *of a* Puppet Show,
His ſtroling Pigmy Clan transferr'd
(Of which hight Punchinello's *Laird)*
From Paris *to the* High-Dutch Hans-Towns,
And thence to Highlands *of the* Cantons;
Swiſs *wondring to hear* Puppet *ſqueak,*
And ſee him friſk with Faiery Freak,
And then a Boree Dance and a Jig,
Thought (cunning Dog!) this muſt be Magic:
Did Breoſhé *a Conjurer ſtyle,*
(But ſurely Swiſs *was none the while)*
Had like t'have truſs'd up the poor Fellow,
And for a Devil took Punchinello.

The Letter in which I received the following *ENIGMA*, was ſubſcribed *Salopia*: So I pleaſe my ſelf with the thoughts that it may be the Production of ſome of the Fair Sexes Wit.

ENIGMA I.

STrephon *who in the Fields, with Anguiſh*
Caus'd by diſaſtrous Love, did languiſh,
Spy'd a Phyſician, who, as ſure
As other Doctors Kill, can Cure.
Conſumptions deep, and hectic Fevers,
Find Relief by his Endeavors;
His Function by his Garb you'll know,
In decent Black you'll ſee him go.
Money he'll none, yet Meat ne're wants,
Feeds (Hermit-like) on Herbs and Plants;

And

And, free from Noiſe, lives all alone,
Travels much, yet's ne're from home.
He moves with Spaniſh *Gravity,*
And ſhews moſt Men their Deſtiny.

I will join to this one of mine upon another Subject.

ENIGMA II.

GReat is my Pow'r, as great my Fame;
I from the Gods derive my Name:
Yet, as the meaneſt Slave on Earth,
Dark, unknown, and low my Birth.
From ſolid Bonds my ſelf I free,
Yet Samſon's *Fate is mine;*
Frail Dalilah *could him confine,*
I, by the fraileſt being, loſe my liberty.
Like Proteus, *I in various ſhapes am ſeen;*
And as the giddy Crouds unfixt have always been,
Like them this Paradox I prove,
That heavieſt Creatures ſwifteſt move.
I have no Legs, yet run with ſpeed;
No Mouth, nor Teeth, yet often feed.
Ne're am hungry, ne're am full,
Heavy ſtill, yet never dull.
The Time's Inconſtancy I often ſhow,
And help the beautious Sex their pow'r to know.
In vain the Sons of Wiſdom try
To ſtop my rambling Faculty,
Nothing is fixt in me but Inſtability.
From Death kind Sinners I reprieve,
And heal the deepeſt Wounds which fatal Love can give.
I, Miſer-like, delight to prey on Ore,
Yet 'tis to me you owe the precious ſtore.
Thoſe who devour me, I ſometimes devour;
And ſome who prais'd me once, now feel my cruel pow'r.
Inwards the guilty Slaves are rack'd by me,
Worſe than by gnawing Jealouſy.
Like that (when once received) I hardly can retire,
I rage when e're I feel the Fire,
And mount the Sky when I expire.

These Verses were sent on *May* Day, with a Nosegay, and were written by your humble Servant.

YOU that adorn'd the Meadows where I rove,
And lost in Sorrows linger out my days,
Go, Beauteous Flowrs, go to the Nymph I love,
Whilst banish'd here, her faithful Lover stays.

Like you she's blooming, gentle, gay, and sweet,
Like you from Nature she derives each Grace;
And on her lovely Cheeks your selves you'll meet,
For Rose and Lilly never leave the place.

Like Flora, *where she comes she makes the Spring,*
Enamour'd Fauns *and Shepherds round her move,*
The pretty Birds with tuneful Voices sing,
And Zephyr *in warm Sighs declares his Love.*

Go, haste, this day perhaps she may be kind;
Now Phœbus *smiles, so may her radiant Eyes.*
Gently (lest you displease) the Nymph remind
Of an unhappy Wretch who for her dies.

You see, my Love, my Torments, and my Cares,
Describe 'em feelingly, and let her know
You owe your Birth to my continual Tears,
And strive my Languishment by yours to show.

Tell her, her Beauty soon like yours will fade,
Like Yours alas! no more to bloom again.
To bless our Eyes alone you were not made,
But to impart your Sweets, and ease our Pain.

Dye on that Breast whose killing Charms outdo
Yours, and what e're mistaken Men admire:
Whilst here in vain (not half so blest as you)
I wish that at her Feet I may expire.

I hope you will not condemn Weeping in a Lover; it is a Tribute which *Cupid* claims of his Subjects. Other Divinities quench their Thirst with Nectar, and the Nectar of Love is Tears, which

which are the Blood of amorous Wounds, as *Coſtar* ingeniouſly tells us. *Virgil* himſelf ſays,

Nec Lachrymis crudelis Amor, nec gramina rivis.
Nec cytiſo ſaturantur apes, nec fronde capellæ.

And *Taſſo* in his *Aminta:*

Paſce l'agna l'herbette, il Lupo l'agne
Ma il crudo Amor di lagrime ſi paſce
Ne ſe ne moſtra mai ſatollo——

The Works of *Ben. Johnſon*, which were formerly printed in two Volumes, are now reprinted in one; to which is added a Comedy of his, call'd, *The New Inn*, and ſome other pieces.

There is a little Book which hath appear'd ſome time in *French*, call'd, *The Life and Amours of* Charles Lewis *Elector Palatin*; which is Engliſhing, and will be ſhortly publiſh'd.

The Famous *Academy of Sciences* at *Paris*, from time to time, either to divert themſelves from works of greater importance, or to give the World a *Specimen* of their Learning, write ſome ſmall Tracts to improve the occaſions that occur either in *Aſtronomy*, *Geometry*, *Algebra*, *Optics*, *Mechanics*, *Anatomy*, *Chymiſtry*, *Botanics*, &c. Formerly thoſe Miſcellanies were only ſet down in the Regiſters of the Academy, but now for public benefit are to be publiſh'd at leaſt monthly. There hath been already one ſmall Collection of them tranſlated and printed here, and it is to be wiſh'd that the Undertaker of it may have encouragement to continue it.

Sir *Robert Howard*'s Plays, which have been ſo ſcarce, are reprinting.

The ſecond Volume of the *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, by that great *Antiquary* Mr. *Wood* of *Oxford*, will appear very ſpeedily.

Perſius is an unhappy Gentleman, who hath been for a long time under a Cloud, (I do not mean as the reſt of his Brethren the Poets lie under a Cloud) I ſpeak of the obſcurity of his Expreſſion: But ſince our *Apollo* (for ſo my Lord *Roſcommon* calls Mr. *Dryden*) hath undertaken to tranſlate him; 'tis hop'd that he will diſſipate that Cloud, and illuſtrate thoſe Beauties which were darkned by his gloomy Diction. For many of the Learned are of opinion, that *Perſius* ſtrove to ſecure himſelf under the miſts of a doubtful elocution, from being diſcover'd by *Nero*. The Bookſeller having thought with reaſon that it would conduce moſt to his advantage, to have the *Perſius* wholly done by Mr. *Dryden*, hath occaſion'd a delay in the publication of that and the *Juvenal*, which however will both appear ſpeedily.

The OPERA of which I have ſpoke to you in my former, hath at laſt appear'd, and continues to be repreſented daily; it is call'd, *The Fairy Queen*. The *Drama* is originally *Shakeſpears*, the *Muſic* and *Decorations* are extraordinary. I have heard the Dances commended, and without doubt the whole is very entertaining.

We are promiſed Mr *Crown*'s *Regulus*, before the Long Vacation; As alſo a Comedy by Mr. *Shadwell*, whoſe *Genius* for that ſort of Poetry, is ſufficiently known to the Ingenious.

I am told that there is ſome hopes of ſeeing in ſome time a Second Part of the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, which I ſhall be glad to hear confirm'd.

To tell you that the Queen Dowager is arriv'd at *Diepe*; That the Armies are preparing to move in *Flanders*; That our Fleet is at Sea; And that the *French* has been in our Channel, would be to repeat what you may ſee or have ſeen in the *Gazets*.

And it is ſomewhat out of the Sphere of a *Journaliſt*, to be particular in the political Concerns of the Government. I ſhall only ſay this, That Heav'n, that watches over their Majeſties, and ſecures their mild and happy Government, hath not only defeated the hopes of their contriving Enemies, but notwithſtanding all their mighty ſtir, enabled them to make the Deſcent whereof I ſpoke to you, far from fearing one from them.

Here is a Latin Epigram which was ſent me from an unknown hand.

Luna Fœmina eſt.

Luna rubet, pallet, creſcit, noctu ambulat, errat:
Atque hæc fœmineo propria ſunt generi.
Cornua Luna facit, facit hæc & fœmina; mutat
Quolibet hæc autem menſe, ſed illa die.

Here is another in *Engliſh* out of *Martial*, at the end of his 7th Book.

Milo Domi non eſt.

Milo's *from home, and* Milo *being gone,*
His Land bears nothing, but his Wife a Son.
Why ſhe ſo fruitful, and ſo bare the Field?
The Land lay fallow, but the Wife was till'd.

The firſt of the Songs which I ſend you now, is ſet by Mr. *Frank*, who is univerſally acknowledg'd to be a very great Maſter. The other, is by my worthy Friend Mr. *Robert King*, whoſe admirable Talent in Muſic, is well enough known to you, and all Lovers of that Art. The next Month you ſhall have the Diſcourſe of Muſic, which I promis'd you in my laſt.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant

P. M.

London,
May 14.
1692.

A Song ſet by Mr. *J. Franck*: the Words by a Perſon of Honour.

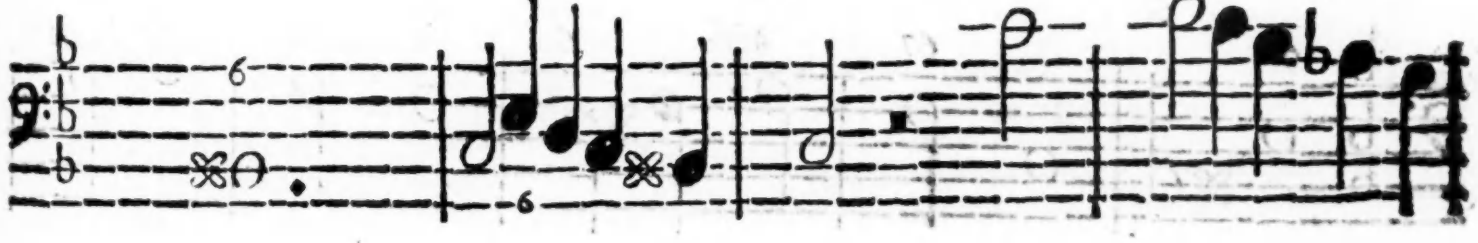
your bright Eyes, for whilſt on them I

dare to gaze, their daz——ling glo——ries

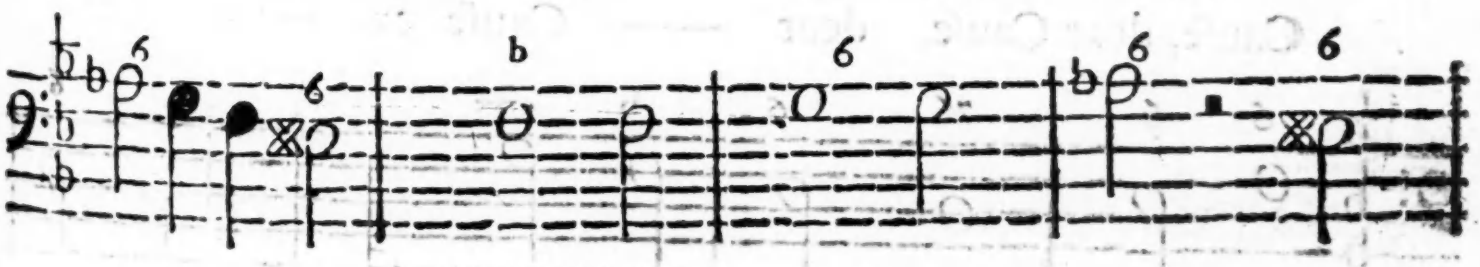
ſo a maze, their daz——ling glo——ries ſo a

maze; my Soul does melt, does melt in fierce de—fire: I

rage, I rage, I



burn, I burn in Se—cret fire, I



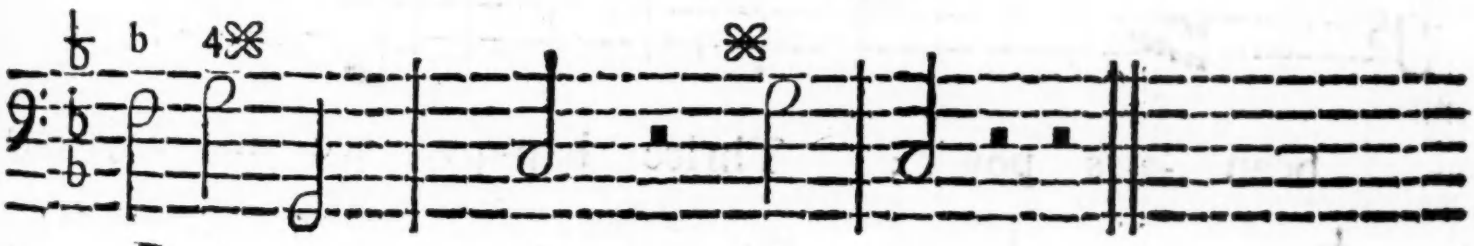
burn in Se—cret fire; and bleſſing the dear

Cauſe, dear Cauſe ex———pire, and bleſ—ſing the dear

Cauſe, dear Cauſe, dear —— Cauſe ex——pire, and

bleſ—ſing the dear Cauſe, dear Cauſe,

dear Cauſe ex—pire, ex——pire.



A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*: the Words by *Colonel Henningham*.

SInce Spartan He—roes were ſo dull, They felt not
beau -ty's pow'r; Thrice hap-py we whoſe joys are
full, while love, while love grows every hour. 'Tis pit—ty

in a no — ble Mind, Nature ſhou'd bear, ſhou'd bear no
part. How can the Brave be true — ly kind, And love not

touch, and love not touch, not touch the heart, and

Tho' *Mars* his Empire rule by Day,
And boaſt his mighty ſpoyls,
Yet Love at Night ſhall ſtill repay,
The hazard of his toyls:
While Vigor does with Courage move,
Our Conqueſt to compleat;
The Fair an eaſy Victim prove,
The Brave by Force ſubmit.

F I N I S.